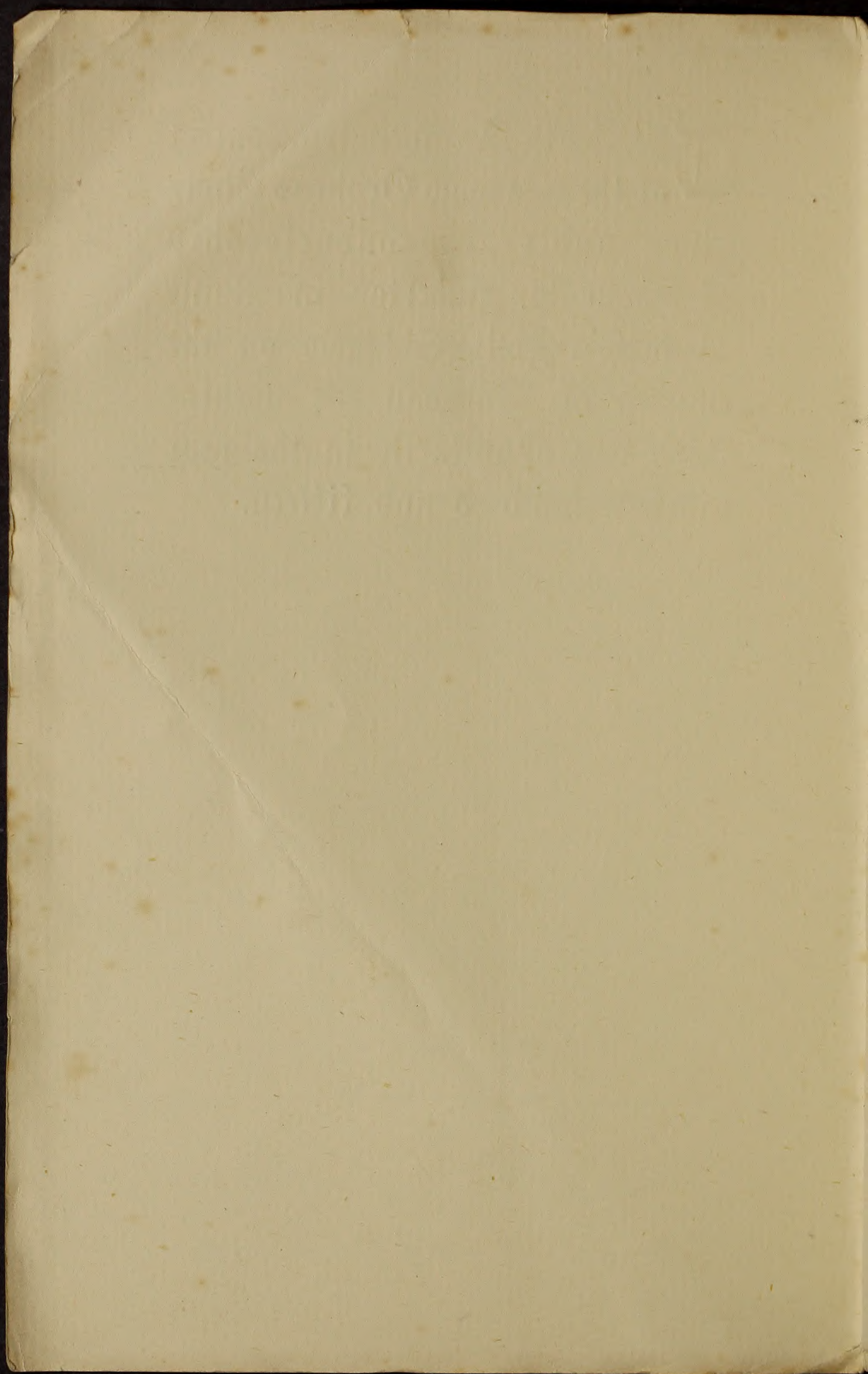


The Tenth Annibersary Concert
of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir
giben under the conductorship
of Hugh S. Roberton in Saint
Andrew's Hall Glasgow on the
ebening of Tuesday the twenty-
third day of March in the year
nineteen hundred and fifteen.



Glasgow Orpheus Choir

Souvenir Program

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OFFICIALS

ORIGINAL MEMBERS

MEMBERS ON MILITARY SERVICE

GLASGOW ORPHEUS CHOIR.

HUGH S. ROBERTON, CONDUCTOR.

Honorary President.

GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

Honorary Vice-Presidents.

MRS. MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

WM. A. MILLER.

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Vice-President,	.	.	.	JAS. G. MACKERRACHER.
Secretary,	.	.	.	ROBERT GRAY.
Treasurer,	.	.	.	GAVIN G. MAXWELL.
Librarians,	.	.	.	{ Miss MARY FINLAYSON.
				{ ANDREW R. GUTHRIE.
Pianist,	.	.	.	GILBERT ESPLIN.

Stewards.

Soprano,	.	.	.	Miss MARGARET B. YUILLE.
Contralto,	.	.	.	Miss MARGARET HERD.
Tenor,	.	.	.	WM. P. ROBERTSON.
Bass,	.	.	.	ROBERT M'ADAM.

Examiners.

Miss BOYD STEVEN. GILBERT ESPLIN.
WALTER TURNBULL.

MEMBERSHIP OF CHOIR.—Application may now be made by letter to ROBT. GRAY, 72 Randolph Gardens, Broomhill. Candidates must have good voices and be able to read music (both notations used). The Choir Practices are held on Monday evenings in the Hall of Greyfriars U.F. Church, 34 North Albion Street (off George Street).

MEMBERS OF CHOIR.

SOPRANO.

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Ann Dallas | 12 Boyd Steven | 22 Margaret B. Yuille |
| 2 Sarah M'Millan | 13 Isa M'Nee | 23 Nan Galbraith |
| 3 Margaret C. Alston | 14 Agnes E. M'Kinney | 24 Mary Beaton |
| 4 Margaret Brown | 15 Nellie Allan | 25 Bessie Christie |
| 5 Annie Hood | 16 Mary Kennedy | 26 Jessie Adams |
| 6 Margaret S. Hume | 17 Bessie F. Brown | 27 Cecilia W. Barrie |
| 7 Nan M'Gregor | 18 Elizabeth T. Warren | 28 Agnes Boyd |
| 8 Mary Boyce | 19 Kate M'Beath | 29 Bella Anderson |
| 9 Mary Bryson | 20 Helen M. Lumsden | 30 Jean H. Gartshore |
| 10 Bessie M'Kay | 21 Mary Waddell | 31 Helen M. Yuille |
| 11 Jessie Moyes | | 32 Fanny Montgomery |

CONTRALTO.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Nellie Duthie | 10 Mary Finlayson | 18 Margaret M. Herd |
| 2 Margaret Toner | 11 Bessie M'Pherson | 19 Jean H. Stott |
| 3 Nellie Russell | 12 Jenny M'Intyre | 20 Mary S. Strachan |
| 4 Phemie Dallas | 13 Cissy Brodie | 21 Mary M'Donald |
| 5 Jeanie P. Harvie | 14 Agnes M'Murtrie | 22 Mary W. Paton |
| 6 Margaret J. Hogarth | 15 May Westwater | 23 Isabel M'Ginlay |
| 7 Georgina Holland | 16 Jessie Maguire | 24 Daisy Provan |
| 8 Lila Day | 17 Jenny Kennedy | 25 Eliz. M'K. Kennedy |
| 9 Joan Ferguson | | |

TENOR.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Robert Saunders | 11 Wm. H. Hamilton | 20 John Walker |
| 2 Wm. Jackson | 12 James H. Barclay | 21 Wm. L. Handyside |
| 3 Robert Gray | 13 Gilbert Esplin | 22 John Anderson |
| 4 George Muir | 14 Wm. A. Ronald | 23 John Conner |
| 5 William Millar | †15 George Hollingshead | †24 James Robertson |
| †6 Ralph Erskine, Jr. | †16 Robt. Anderson | 25 John A. Arrendell |
| 7 Wm. G. Gray | 17 William Bryson | 26 Eric Taylor |
| 8 James M'Garvie | 18 John Taylor | 27 Adam Glasford |
| 9 Wm. P. Robertson | 19 Robert Moffat | 28 Wm. Hamilton |
| 10 Hugh Park | | |

BASS.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1 Hugh F. Graham | 11 Robert M'Adam | 20 William Greig |
| 2 Andrew R. Guthrie | 12 Robert Chalmers | 21 James H. Gibson |
| 3 Gavin G. Maxwell | 13 William Ross, Jr. | 22 Robert M. Hastie |
| †4 Hugh M'Donald | 14 James B. Campbell | 23 John G. Horn |
| 5 Andrew P. Ritchie | 15 Walter Turnbull | 24 William M'Arthur |
| 6 William H. M'Arthur | 16 John M. Ferguson | 25 Donald M'Intyre |
| 7 George West | 17 James M'Bairdy | 26 Alex. Watson |
| 8 John S. Robertson | †18 John J. M'Harg | 27 John Robertson |
| 9 William B. Kenneth | 19 Robert Ballantyne | 28 Allan Reid |
| 10 John Barclay | | |

+ On Military Service.

FOREWORD

BY THE
HONORARY PRESIDENT.

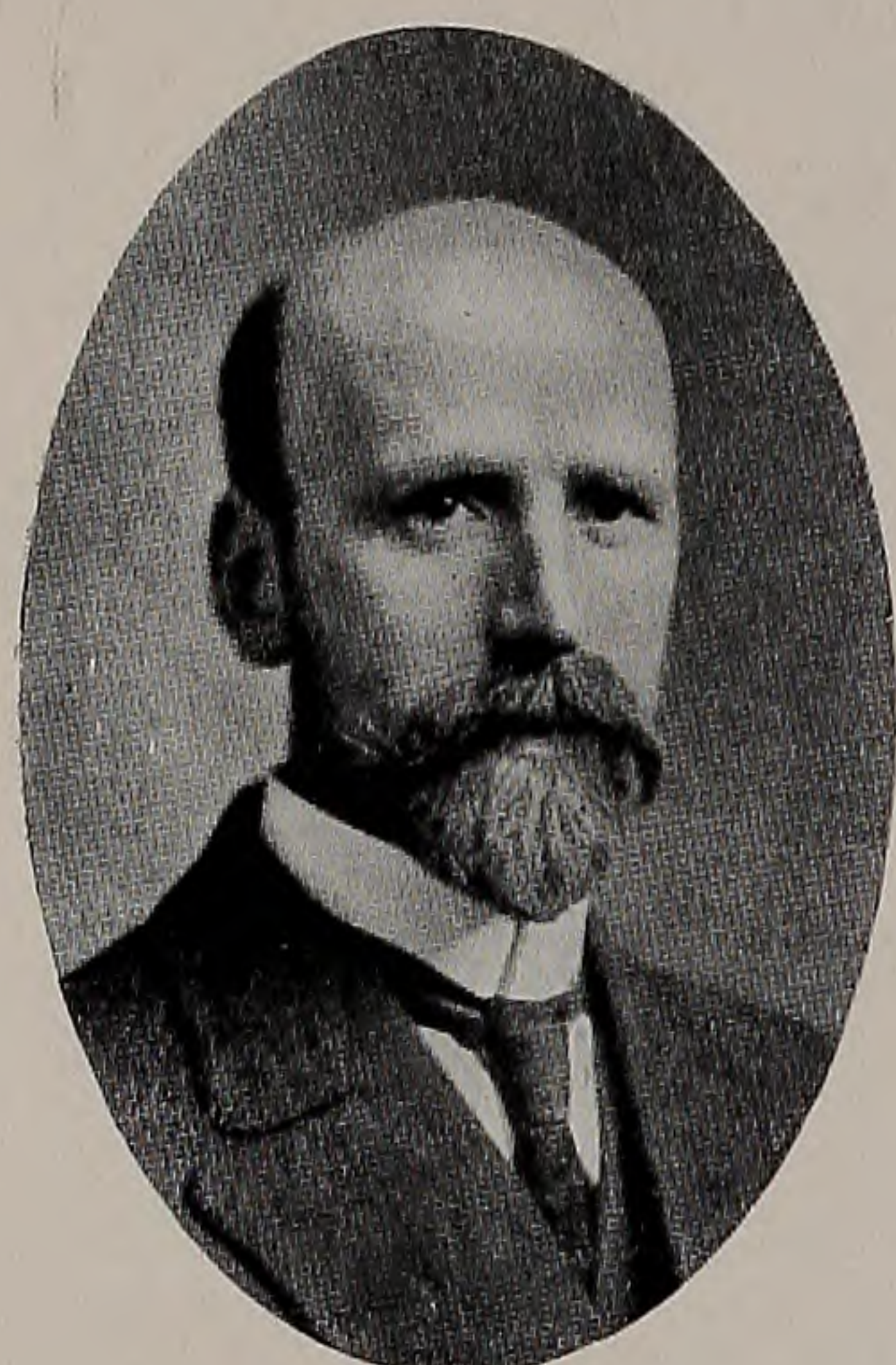
MY text is taken from William Byrd, "The Father of English Music," who, in the Introduction to his *Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie*, issued in 1588, says:—"There is not any musicke of instruments whatever, comparable to that which is made by the voyces of men, where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered."

This sentiment will probably awake an echo in the heart of every member of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir—these being the elect. If only the public without the pale could be brought to see the truth of this gospel, our musical morality would soon soar upwards as on eagle's pinions. Let us consider the matter for a few minutes.

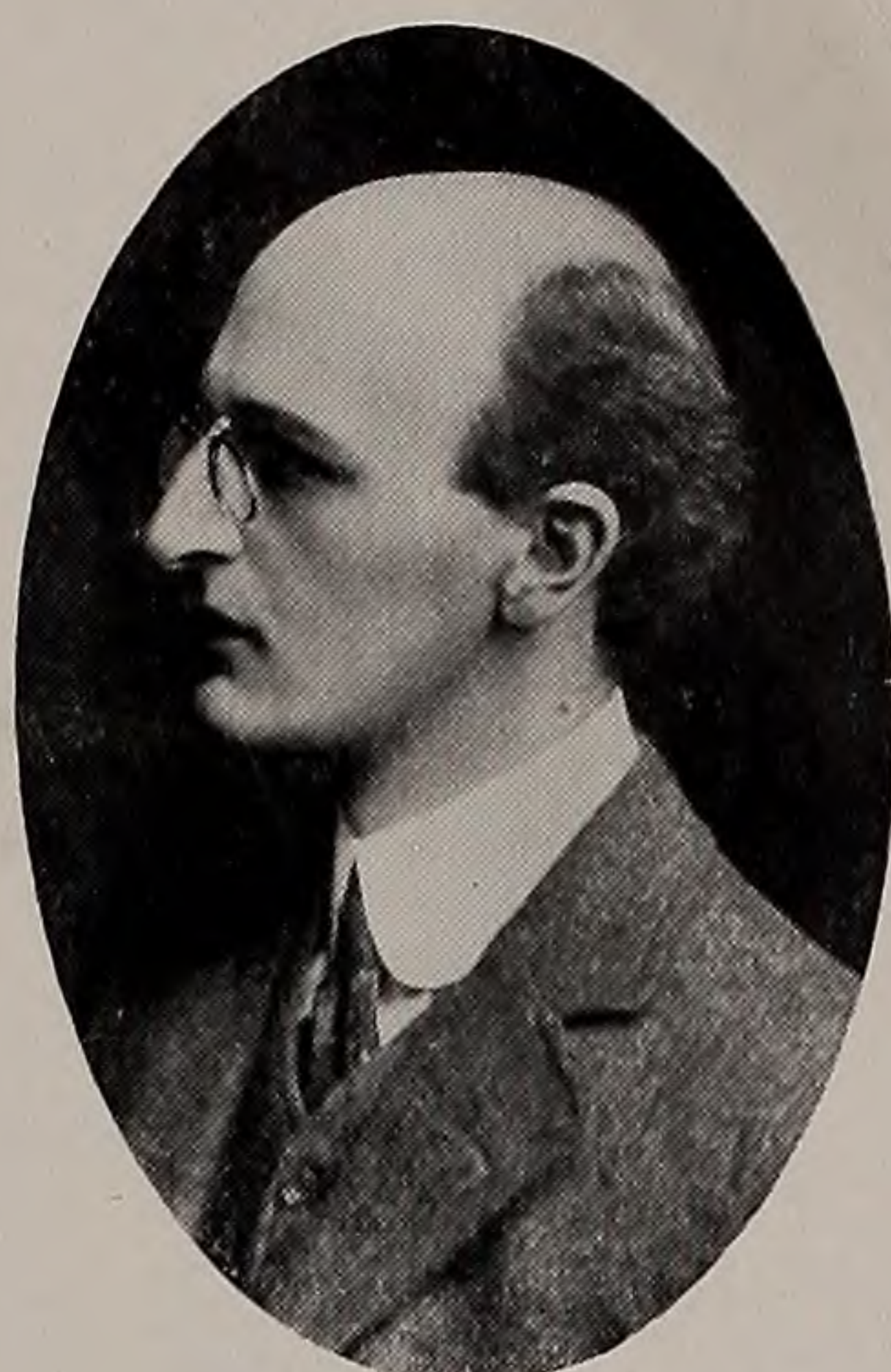
"Music hath charms to soothe (or rouse) the savage breast;" and the noble savage will readily respond to the rhythm of the big drum and to the more subtle and melodious strains of "the pipes."—I was about to say "bag-pipes," but *experientia* does it. The word seems to be *tabu*, or to have powers of diabolic sorcery, for I am mindful of an occasion in St. Andrew's Hall, not so very long ago, when this cabbalistic vocable produced a transformation which reminded me of that in Milton's Tenth Book, when the congregation, trying to applaud, broke into

"A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn, . . .
. . . for now were all transformed
Alike, to serpents all."

My sentence was lost in the ophidian uproar. Aware of the "deeficulty" wi' which a Scot jokes, and loath to deprive him of a jest (of choice quality) which had evidently dawned upon him in all its hilarious



Hugh S. Robertson,
Conductor.



F. H. Bisset,
President.



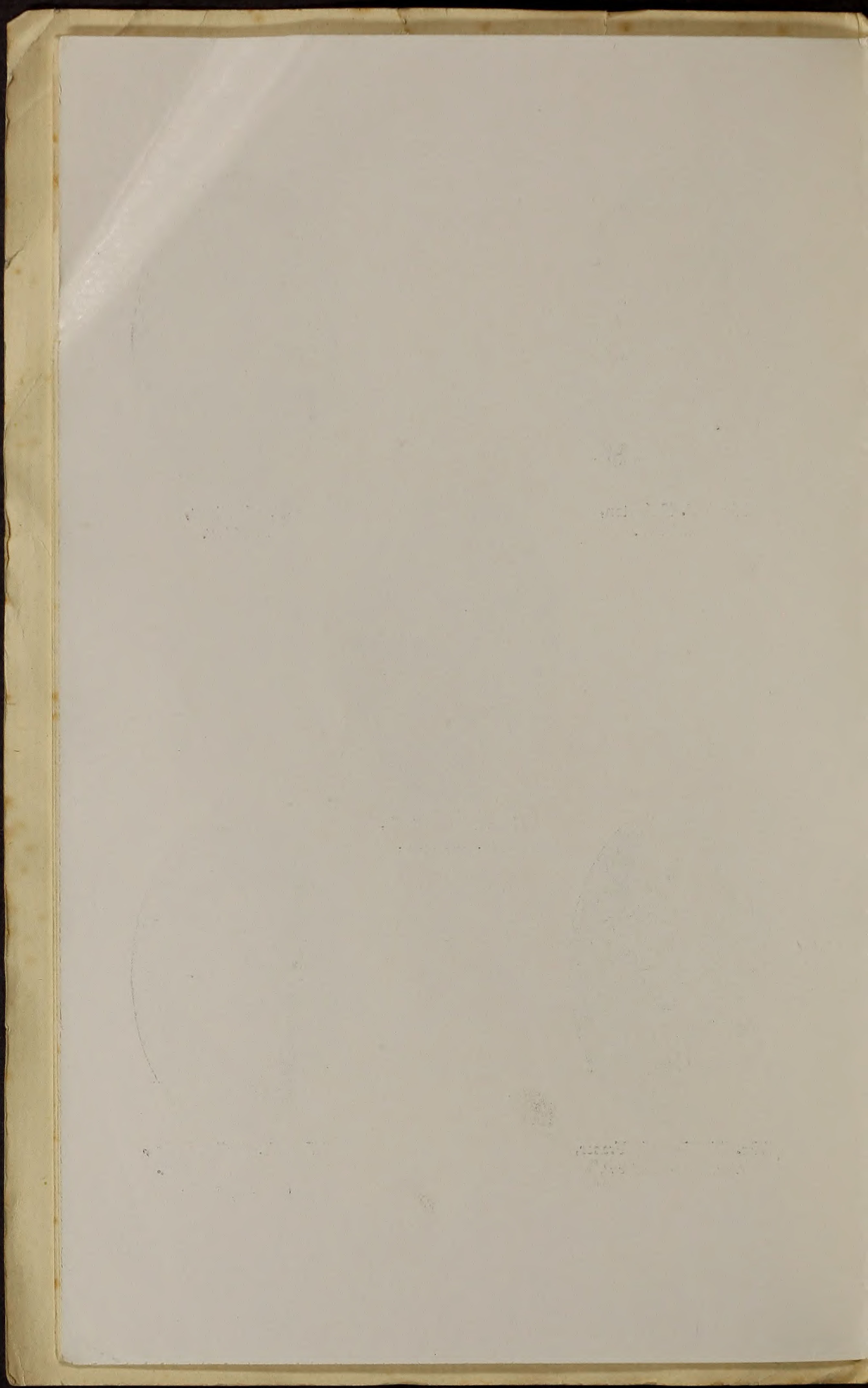
Granville Bantock,
Hon. President.



Mrs. M. Kennedy-Fraser,
Hon. Vice-President.



Wm. A. Miller, B.Sc.,
Hon. Vice-President.
*(Sydney University,
formerly Choir Librarian.)*



splendour, I nevertheless bowed to the storm, and the sentence—like Hans Breitmann's *barty*—is gone *in der Ewigkeit*. Fitness, however, dictates that some solution of the mystery be forthcoming, and, intrenched as I now am beyond fear of sibilatory interruption, I proceed.

In spite of Byrd's dictum I have, at times, preferred the music of "the pipes" to that of any and sundry singers, for this most cogent if somewhat subtle reason. Briefly, though singers, and even choirs, have been known to sing discordantly, the apparent cacophany of "the pipes" is in reality due to the sophistication of our minds and ears. The scale of "the pipes," so far from being barbarous, is acoustically truer than the orthodox western scale—is more according to nature, being built up on the upper partials of the natural harmonic series. We have so schooled ourselves to the tempered scale that the most skilled vocalist could not now mentalise and sing this simple series of notes without the most arduous practice. Our artificial systems rise and fall: "the pipes" stand aloft, like Mount Everest, supreme and unrivalled, in the purity of Nature herself. These are the tones that exist in the universe around us: but our ears have been dulled so that we cannot distinguish them, though a few sons of nature here and there can hear "the skirl o' the pipes" in the roar of a Highland burn when no player is near—and even when the "mountain dew" is off the heather.

The semi-tone is the smallest interval perceptible to ordinary occidental ears, and the scale is divided into twelve of these. But certain oriental scales (Indian and Arabian) have no less than twenty-two notes to the octave; and I am afraid that even the Glasgow Orpheus, if asked to sing music based on such scales, would give a fair representation of the Bay of Biscay. Owing to the imperfections of our auditory sense, we are restricted to this very limited series of fixed intervals, and dare not venture between. Thanks to the growing vogue of "the pipes," however, we are becoming conscious of our limitations, and may soon realise the desirability of cultivating the sense for these finer intervals. One great advantage of this course will be to make the choirs invulnerable to critics. Should these say, "You sang out of tune"—choirs can reply, "That is the new tonality: your ears are not attuned to these finer subtleties." To most instruments—organ, harpsichord, piano, wood-wind, &c.—these scales are impossible; and so, broadly speaking, Byrd's dictum—in this respect as well as in the matter of tone—remains true. "The pipes," strings, and the human voice stand here unsurpassed, and may draw nigh to the inner secrets of Nature herself.

And possibilities do undoubtedly exist for the development in this direction of combined voices. There is a Land of Promise—Tir-nan-Òg, the Celtic heaven, or *The Land of the Ever-Young*. It is all about us; and its denizens sing in immortal strains which our grosser ears are too dull to hear. A lonely dreamer may occasionally catch an echo of these mysterious melodies, of these ever stranger and yet newer harmonies, as

he wanders in some remote Isle of Fantasy. Some imaginative singer may dimly realise within his heart a hint of this magical dream-music, and try to bring the message to those who can hear with the spiritual ear, though to the uninitiated it must remain for ever hidden. And among such pioneers, such adventurers on this wondrous sea of poesy, I rank the Glasgow Orpheus Choir, who have at times suggested far-away, unutterable things beyond my skill to write down. That they may go on and prosper on this mystical quest is the best wish that my heart can utter for them.

Francis Bantock

THE ORIGIN

OF THE

"GLASGOW ORPHEUS"

BY THE

CONDUCTOR.

CHAP. I.

The Woon' o't.

THIS is how it happened, and when and where. At the east end of Rottenrow there was a courtyard, and in the south-east corner of the courtyard a stair led down (not up) to a small hall. Quiet and remote was that hall, a place where a dark deed might be done, or a fair. On a certain night in the autumn of 1901 a number of men and women were gathered there to welcome their new conductor. They were bright and eager. They had bone and muscle and other things in plenty, including manners, good, bad, and indifferent. They looked as if they meant business. I certainly did. I had come straight from a two-years' conductorship of a recalcitrant and (when not so) anæmic church choir. There I had scored a perfectly complete failure, and there I had had my failure crowned by the presentation of a nice silver-mounted baton, accompanied by some nice silver-mounted platitudes. I must have been angry. At least I was in no mood for preliminaries on that eventful opening night. There stood I, and there sat the Toynbee House Choir, some thirty strong. "What piece do you know best?" I asked. "We rock away on the billows gay," they replied. "Very well, then," I added, "let's rock away." And we rocked. They threw it at me in slabs. It sounded to me (having come straight from that church choir) like the elements let loose in a hurry. It tore on its way as a tempest gone mad. It was the loudest noise I had ever heard or wish ever to hear in the name of music, and, to be frank, it was not musical, but there was heart behind it. So after we had mopped our foreheads and adjusted our neckgear and our throat muscles, I spoke. "Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "you have

very strong voices, very strong, but I like you. Your singing falls on my ear as the music of Apollo's lyre, not because it (your singing) is sweet or beautiful (it being neither), but because it is natural. This," I continued, "is the basis of all art. And, furthermore, you have enthusiasm. This, too, is well. My proposal, therefore, is that we start now to learn to sing." It must have been at that point that a voice spake down the chimney (or was it the ventilator?), saying, "I proclaim the banns!" At anyrate, it was precisely at that moment that we took each other for better or for worse, and that is how it happened, and when and where.

CHAP. II.

Married Life.

AFTER the wedding we settled down to work, and at the end of the season we gave a concert. The audience was small. The program was tactfully bisected by an "interval." A comic singer assisted. At the interval the small audience became appreciably smaller. After the comic singer's last song the small audience vanished. The audience was right. We deserved it. We had been doing foundation work, and we foolishly deceived ourselves and thought to deceive the public that the edifice was showing above the surface. We failed.

It was a fruitful failure. We set our teeth. Those were the days. My partner (the Choir) was superb. She absorbed choral technique as a young bride absorbs cookery recipes, and at the end of that second season we turned out our first choral pie. Sodden in parts, perhaps, was the paste, but there were nice brown crisp bits, and much flavour and aroma about the whole thing. The public approved and applauded.

In the third year we were engaged to sing at the East-End Exhibition. Things were becoming exciting. We duly appeared. There was a huge audience, and we sang ourselves instantly into public favour. The spirit, chained up heretofore through technical disabilities, peeped forth that night, as it has more and more ever since. We began to dream dreams. The secretary, Tom M'Dougall, even suggested the possibility of the Choir some day finding itself singing in the City Hall, and, again, of the Choir some day finding itself singing compositions by the conductor. Ye gods! The molecular disintegration of the Pyramids seemed a feasible proposition in comparison with these. But Tom M'Dougall was right, and I have pleasure in naming him here as the first man to divine the path along which the Choir would go, and, therefore, as one of the real founders of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir as we know it to-day. There was another pioneer. He stood listening outside the door of our practice-room one night. He was a man of fine culture and wide musical experience. He was much too good for us as we then were. But he came in, because, as he afterwards explained, he detected a new and original

note in our singing. That man was John B. Retson. It was he who, later, in some controversy, reminded the members that their policy must always be based on the assumption that *the Choir was going to make history*. He was our best chorister, and became our president. The sun has passed and repassed over his grave many times, but he is fondly remembered still as one who gave us strength and courage.

We were now a successful Choir, and about to experience one of the concomitants of success—trouble.

CHAP. III.

Taking up House.

IT—the trouble—arose in this way. We were only lodgers. The Choir was an adjunct of an older body, the Toynbee Men's Social Club. In other words—the Club was the father, the Choir the daughter. And the father, lacking vision (as fathers sometimes do), failed to notice the growth of the daughter. He wanted the last word in the direction of her affairs always, and she, being by that time the principal breadwinner and respectably married forbye, naturally rebelled (as daughters sometimes do). And so it happened that, one wet night in January 1906, rather than break the furniture, we left. That parting was surely on the loom of fate when the earth first shook the waters from its mane. We were seventy-two strong as we stood, homeless, on the cold pavement in Rottenrow. But we had the proverbial good angel in our midst; her name, Elsie Hall. She said, "Follow me!" And we followed. And she led us to a new abode where all was snug and warm.* No tear did we shed. Let this be said to our shame if ye will. We were in our own house, and we were happy. We filled our lungs with the free air, and our first breath shaped itself thus:—"Henceforth shall we be known as The Glasgow Orpheus Choir." AND IT WAS SO.

Hugh S. Robertson

* Collins' Institute, kindly granted by Messrs. Wm. Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd.

A FRANK APPRECIATION

BY
THE PRESIDENT.

TEN years ago the founders of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir hitched their wagon to a star, and resolutely followed the gleam. To-day they have their reward. Almost from the outset they captured the public. Later they captured the critics. Wise in their generation, they have never attempted to capture the "vested interests." That way lies death! They have always had their full share of good Scotch pride. Neither begging nor borrowing, they have owed no man anything. Yet, stay! Once, and once only, a call *has* been made on the members. At the time of the exodus, ten years ago, I am told, each male member was levied to the extent of a shilling to meet immediate necessities. But, at the close of that momentous first year, each received his own back—without usury! How then, it may be asked, has the Choir been maintained? The public has paid, because the public has received.

On another page is set out the beginning of things, the first faring forth of the children of Orpheus into the wilderness. Of the years of wandering there is no space to speak (are not these things recorded in the books of official writ?); suffice it that, in the fulness of time, they entered upon the promised land, and, unlike those children of an earlier day, with their chosen leader at their head. Of the many milestones passed on the journey I can name only a few—the first big concert in the St. Andrew's Hall (when the public came to hear a famous singer and discovered a *choir*), the first London concert, the entry into competitive festival work at the First Glasgow Choral Festival in 1911, the visit to Paris in 1912, the inauguration of a Choir Monthly Magazine or Record, the first Classical Scottish Concert, the re-casting of the Constitution. Of these notable landmarks in the *outer* history of the Choir I select, for fuller reference, three—the Classical Scottish Concert, the re-moulding of the Constitution, the *Monthly Record*.

The Scottish Concert was inaugurated in 1912 for the special purpose of fostering the growth and appreciation of Scottish music of enduring merit, and stimulating Scottish composers to original work in choral composition. Already, the project has borne good fruit, and the concert has become an annual institution.

In entirely re-casting the Constitution of the Choir two years ago to meet growing needs, the Executive had before them a definite ultimate objective, the creation of a choir about eighty strong, and these, vocally and "humanly," the best. To this end, the new rules provided for what, in effect, amounted to a yearly re-test of the entire membership. Many of the members, less vocally-endowed than their fellows, realised that the new rules proposed sounded the knell of their continuance as choristers, yet the rules passed through without a dissentient voice. To-day, the Choir numbers among its warmest supporters many former members who failed to last the pace.

The *Glasgow Orpheus Choir Monthly Record*, instituted in 1912, is, one imagines, the only journal of its kind in existence. Of its varied contents, the editorials (the dual conductor-editorial capacity, hitherto an open secret, I now make known to the world) have an enduring value, and many of us hope to see them made more widely accessible in an extended form.

From an early number of the *Record* I quote what may be regarded as the standing watch-word of the Choir, "It is the function of modern choralism to *reveal*." Wherefore, the Choir values greatly two notable outside appreciations of its work. At the Glasgow Choral Festival of 1913 Mr. Granville Bantock, in awarding the Choir full marks (100 per cent) for its singing of his own part song, "Evening hath lost her Throne," said, "I do not wish ever to hear the piece sung otherwise." After attending the March Concert last year, Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser wrote, "The 'Death Croon' was the most remarkable choral singing I have ever heard. I thank you for one of the rarest of experiences. Your wonderful realisation of the 'Death Croon' I shall never forget."

But I count an infinitely greater thing the function of the Choir as a *revealing* power to its own members. And, from an embarrassment of riches, I select two expressions. A member, speaking from a sick-bed from which he never rose, said, "After I got into the 'Orpheus' it was different. I began to see the inside of things." Again, a woman member who had left five years before, wrote, after attending a recent Orpheus concert, "I missed many of the old familiar faces. To you they may be as ships that pass in the night, but to them there can never be darkness again and silence, for they who have passed through the 'Orpheus' have a mysterious undying something within them." And these are not isolated instances; they are characteristic. So it cannot surprise that many of the troubles commonly regarded as indigenous to choir life find no place here.

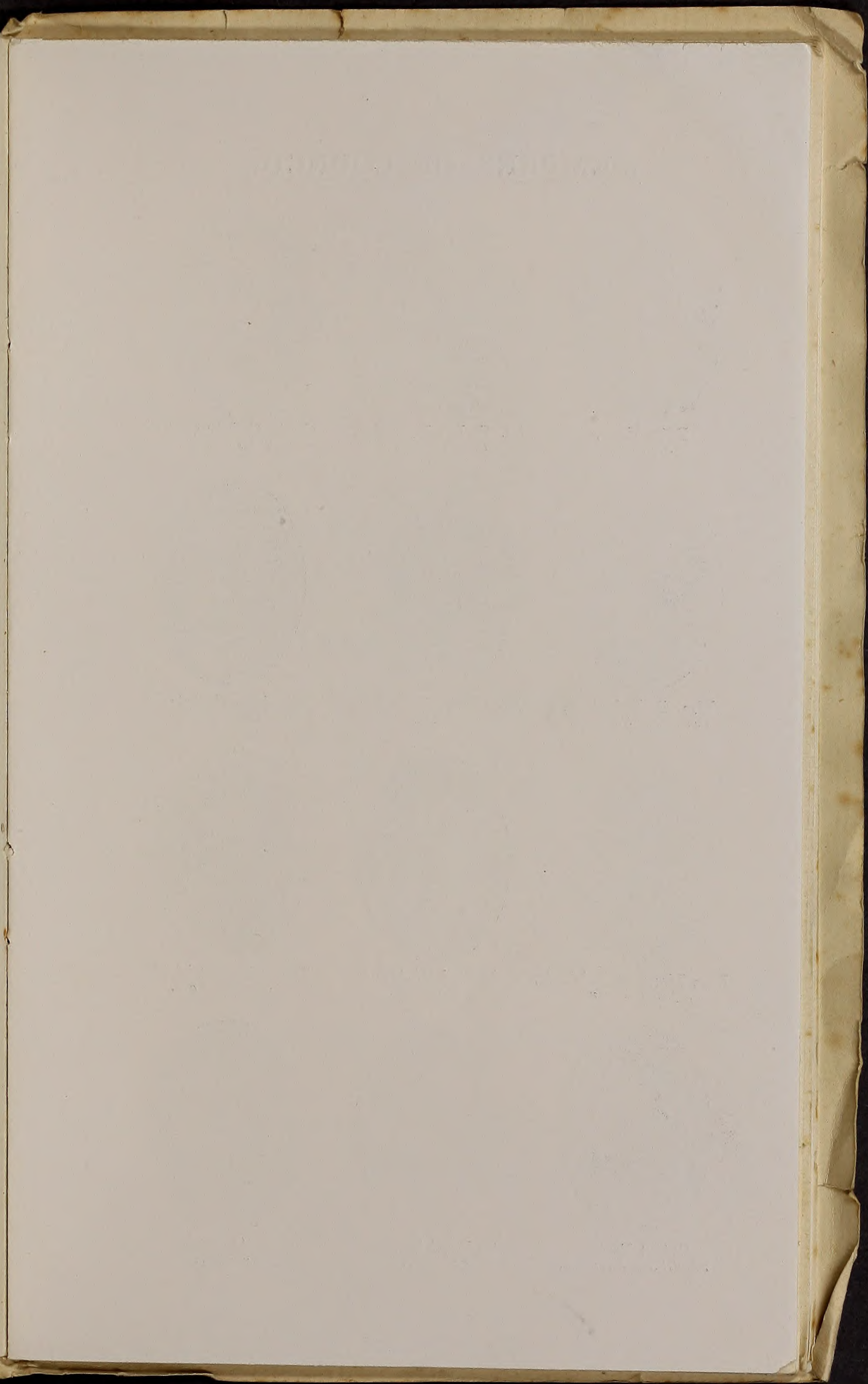
The Choir has had its failures, and it has profited. Two I may mention, as they belong to my own time. At the First Glasgow Choral Festival, in 1911, the sharp turning-down of the Choir by the adjudicator on a point of interpretation of an Elgar piece not only brought about a remarkable spontaneous demonstration of the bond of affinity uniting choristers and choirmaster, but uplifted the whole *morale* of the Choir as no success ever could. And the same result followed the sensational defeat of the Orpheus ladies by a young choir at the Festival of 1913.

The "Orpheus" is a school for conductors. Not only has it produced a sheaf of choral conductors from its own ranks; it is a visiting school for all manner of conductors from the outside world. They are to be found at every practice among the visitors who throng the back benches.

The reason of all these things is not far to seek. It can be found at the Greyfriars Hall at any Monday evening practice. The visitor speedily finds that the Choir has its roots deep down in the vitalising soil of a common humanity; all are brothers and sisters here. And surely no other choir was ever trained quite like this one! On the benches a goodly array of "boys and girls," eager, purposeful, responsive. On the platform a translucent personality, embodying a temperament varying as the shade, but ever—*revealing, revealing*.

An Orpheus practice is a thing compounded of laughter and tears. The visitor, as he leaves the practice-room—if he has the seeing eye—may discern, in glowing letters over one portal, the words, "Where there is no vision the people perish," and over the other, "Abandon despair all ye that enter here." And he will understand why we have "The Surrender of the Soul," "The Death Croon," and "The Seal Woman's Croon"; why we have "Death on the Hills," *et hoc genus omne*.

W. A. Biset



MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.



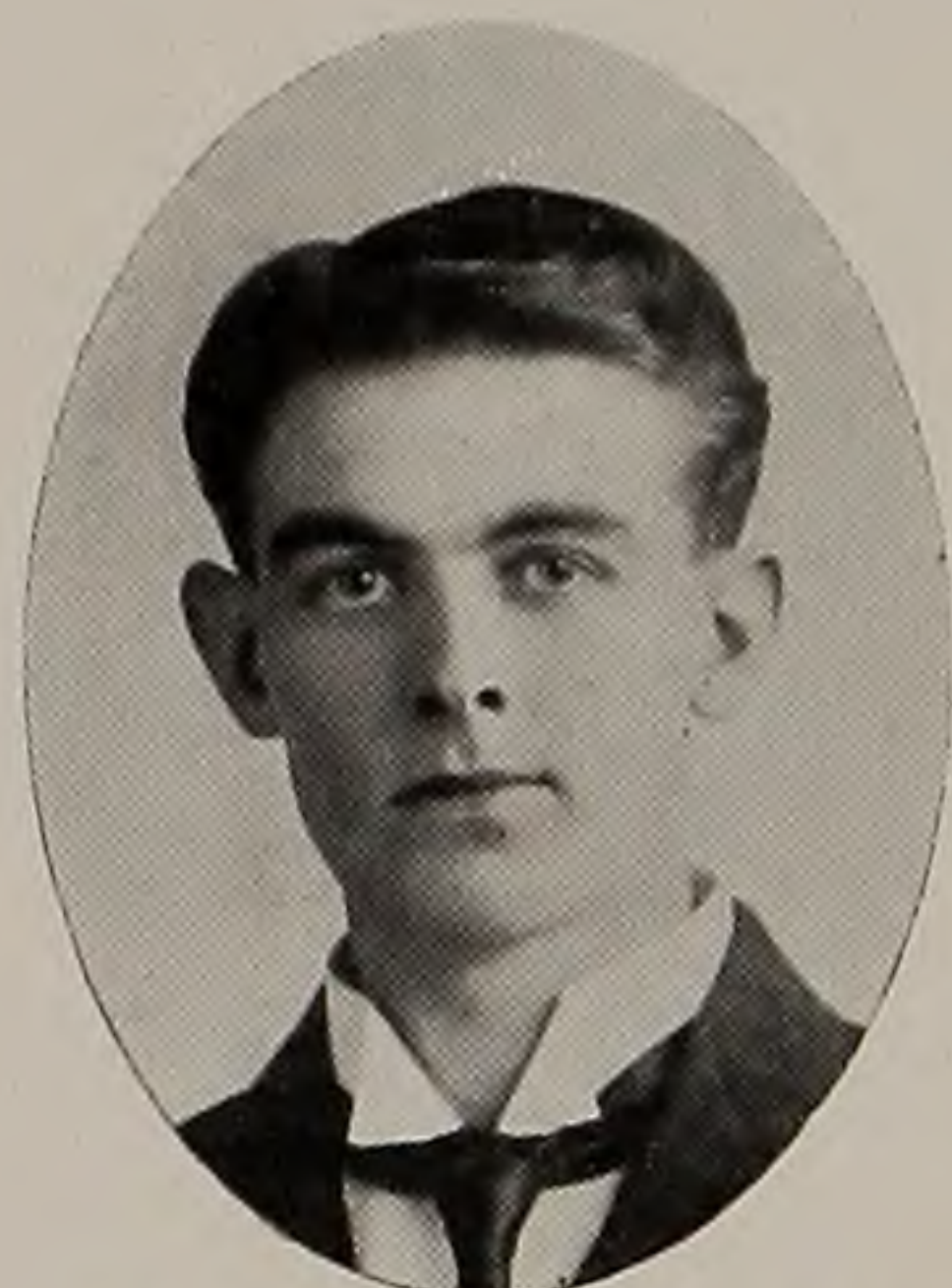
Robt. Gray,
Secretary.



Jas. G. MacKerracher,
Vice-President.



Gavin G. Maxwell,
Treasurer.



Wm. P. Robertson,
Convener of Stewards.



Miss Mary Finlayson,
Librarian.



Andrew Guthrie,
Librarian.



Miss Margaret B. Yuille,
Soprano Steward.



Robt. M'Adam,
Bass Steward.



Miss Margaret Herd,
Contralto Steward.



Gilbert Esplin,
Pianist and Examiner.



Miss Boyd Steven,
Examiner.



Walter Turnbull,
Examiner.

GLASGOW ORPHEUS CHOIR

CONDUCTOR - - HUGH S. ROBERTON

ASSISTED BY

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

Mr. FRANK MULLINGS

AND

Mr. WILFRID E. SENIOR

With the view of enabling the audience to enjoy
the Concert undisturbed, the doors will be
closed during the performance of each item.

Ladies are respectfully requested to remove
their hats during the Concert.

The notes on the pieces are by the Conductor
of the Choir, and are copyright.

C

ORDER of PROGRAM

—○—

CHORAL :

"Hail! Smiling Morn,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Spofforth</i>
"The Long Day Closes,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Sullivan</i>
"The Bells,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Lahee</i>

SOLO :

"Epilogue" (Ferishtah's Fancies), - - *Granville Bantock*

CHORAL :

"Annabel Lee,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Hugh S. Robertson</i>
"By Babylon's Wave,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Gounod</i>

SOLO :

[illegible]

CHORAL:

"On Jordan's Banks," - - - - - *Max Bruch*
 "Death on the Hills," - - - - - *Edward Elgar*

SOLO :

"Songs and Dances of Death," - - - - *Moussorgsky*

CHORAL :

"Fire, Fire my Heart!"	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Morley</i>
"Far Away,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Arr. José</i>
"Old Daddy Longlegs,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Macirone</i>

SOLO :

[illegible]

CHORAL :

"Love's Tempest," - - . - - - *Edward Elgar*
 "The Seal Woman's Croon," - - *Arr. Granville Bantock*

SOLO :

"The Gentle Maiden,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Arr. Somervell</i>
"Trottin' to the Fair,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	} <i>Arr. Stanford</i>
"Quick! We have but a Second,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	

CHORAL :

"How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps," - - - Chas. Wood
 "Dumbarton's Drums," - - - Arr. Granville Bantock

"Song, like fate itself, is given
To scare the idle thought away;
To raise the human to the holy,
To wake the spirit from the clay."

—Schiller.

WORDS and NOTES

Glee, - - - "Hail! Smiling Morn," - - *Spofforth*
1770-1827

Probably the most sparkling piece of choral music ever written. An early favourite with the Choir, it was responsible for at least one joke almost as sparkling as the music. At a small concert the chairman—confronted with this on the program:

Glee, - "Hail! Smiling Morn," - *Reginald Spofforth*
—calmly announced, "Mr. Reginald Spofforth will now open the program by singing to us the glee, 'Hail! Smiling Morn.'"

HAIL! smiling morn, that tips the hills with gold,
Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day,
Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,
At whose bright presence darkness flies away.

Part Song, - "The Long Day Closes," - - *Sullivan*
1842-1900

First produced by the Choir in 1909. It is a fine example of the type that sprang from the "glee," and which Mendelssohn, Smart, Hatton, and others did much to perfect. Sullivan here says, perhaps, the "last word" for the type, and says it eloquently.

No star is o'er the lake, its pale watch keeping,
The moon is half awake, through grey mist creeping.
The last red leaves fall round the porch of roses.
The clock hath ceased to sound, the long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth in calm endeavour,
To count the sounds of mirth, now dumb for ever.
Heed not how hope believes and fate disposes:
Shadow is round the eaves, the long day closes.

The lighted windows dim are fading slowly.
The fire that was so trim now quivers lowly.
Go to the dreamless bed where grief reposes;
Thy book of toil is read, the long day closes.

—H. F. CHORLEY.

Part Song, - - "The Bells," - - - - Lahee

1826-1912

First produced by the Choir in 1906, and a strong favourite for many years thereafter. On the Choir's first visit to London a well-known conductor, greatly impressed by the piece, immediately secured it for his own choir. On the Choir's second visit to London he was asked how it had fared with him. "A complete failure" he admitted. He had not noticed that in the *simulation of the bells* lay the secret, and that that secret was not revealed in the score.

Again, a well-known local musician, after extolling the work of the Choir, expressed himself thus:—"But why don't you give the public *always* the finest music—why do you eternally ring those darned bells?" "Ah!" we replied, "don't you see, we ring those darned bells to *bring the public in*."

HEAR the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells !
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the mellow golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Song, "Epilogue" (Ferishtah's Fancies), *Granville Bantock*

Mr. FRANK MULLINGS

OH, Love—no Love! All the noise below, Love,
Groanings all and moanings, none of Life I lose!
All of Life's a cry just of weariness and woe, Love—
"Hear, at least, thou happy one!" How can I, Love,
but choose?

Only, when I do hear, sudden circle round me—
Much as when the moon's might frees a space from cloud—
Iridescent splendours: gloom—would else confound me—
Barriered off and banished far—bright-edged the
blackest shroud!

Thronging through the cloud-rift, whose are they, the faces
Faint revealed yet sure divined, the famous ones of old?
"What," they smile, "our names, our deeds so soon erases
Time upon his tablet where Life's glory lies enrolled?"

"How of the field's fortune?" That concerned our Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for doings left and right:
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeder,
Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care for cowards: fight!

"Was it for mere fool's-play, make-believe and mumming,
So we battled it like men, not boy-like sulked or whined?"
Each of us heard clang God's "Come!" and each was coming:
Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag behind!

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's
success:

All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less.

Only, at heart's utmost joy and triumph, terror
Sudden turns the blood to ice: a chill wind disencharms
All the late enchantment! What if all be error—
If the halo irised round my head were, Love, thine arms?

—ROBERT BROWNING.

Choral Song, - "Annabel Lee," Hugh S. Robertson

It seems like painting the lily to put "Annabel Lee" in a musical setting; still the poem calls for music. The part song follows the words with sufficient faithfulness to call for little explanation. The leading melody used in the first two verses reflects the thesis of the poem. This is followed by a *misterio e drammatico* section and then by an *allegro deciso* for male voices ("But our love," &c.), which, resolving itself into the original key (A flat), is softly crowned by a return of the melody. So the song finishes—a picture, "pleasurably sad" (to use the poet's own expression), and with, we hope, something of the beauty of the lines woven into it.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
And neither the angels in heav'n above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams
Without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise
But I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Motet, - - "By Babylon's Wave," - - *Gounod*
1818-1893

Many of the Psalms have a new interest to-day. History is repeating itself. The appropriateness of this great example of Biblical poesy at the present time need only be indicated. The musical settings of "Babylon" are manifold. Gounod's treatment is, naturally, dramatic. The French composer knew how to write for voices, and although he here makes severe demands on the physical resources of a choir, these demands, the chorister feels, are in the nature of things and must be met. The Choir's most notable and memorable performance of this piece was at the Paris Musical Festival, 1912.

HERE by Babylon's wave,
Tho' heathen hands have bound us,
Tho' afar from our land,
The pains of death surround us :
Sion ! thy mem'ry still
In our heart we are keeping,
And still we turn to thee,
Our eyes all sad with weeping.
Thro' our harps that we hung on the trees
Goes the low wind wearily moaning ;
Mingles the sad note of the breeze
With voice as sad of sigh and groaning.

When mad with wine our foe rejoices,
When unto their alters they throng,
Loud for mirth then they call,
"A song ! A song of Sion sing ;
Lift up your voices !"

O Lord, though the victor command
Our captivity, sad and lowly,
How shall we raise thy song so holy,
That we sang in our fatherland ?
Jerusalem, if we forget thee,
Let our hands remember not their power,
And our tongues be silent from that hour,
Jerusalem, if we forget thee !

Woe unto thee ! Babylon, mighty city,
For the day of thy fall is nigh,
For thee no hope, for thee no pity,
Tho' loud thy wail raiseth on high.
Then shalt thou, desolate, forsaken,
Be torn from thy fanes and thy thrones ;
In that day shall thy babes be taken,
Taken and dashed against the stones.
Then unto thee, O Babylon, the mighty,
Be woe !

—Paraphrased by HENRY FARNIE.

Violin Solos,

- (a) Air, - - - - - *Goldmark*
 (b) Rondo, - - - - - *Mozart*
 (c) Chinese Tambourin, - - - - - *Kreisler*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

Hebraic Hymn, "On Jordan's Banks," *Max Bruch*

To get *religious* music possessing such strength and grandeur and conviction as this, one must go back far indeed. All the prophets seem to be speaking here, and in trumpet tones. Of this style Bruch is a master. He moves voices over a wide field, but always with fine skill and judgment.

ON Jordan's banks the Arabs' camels stray,
 On Sion's hill the false one's votaries pray.
 The Baal's adorer bows on Sinai's steep,
 Yet there, even there, O God, Thy thunders sleep !

There, where Thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone,
 There, where thy shadow to Thy people shone,
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire,
 Thyself non living see and not expire.

O in the lightning let Thy glance appear,
 Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear !
 How long by tyrants shall Thy land be trod ?
 How long Thy temple worshipless, O God ?

—After BYRON.

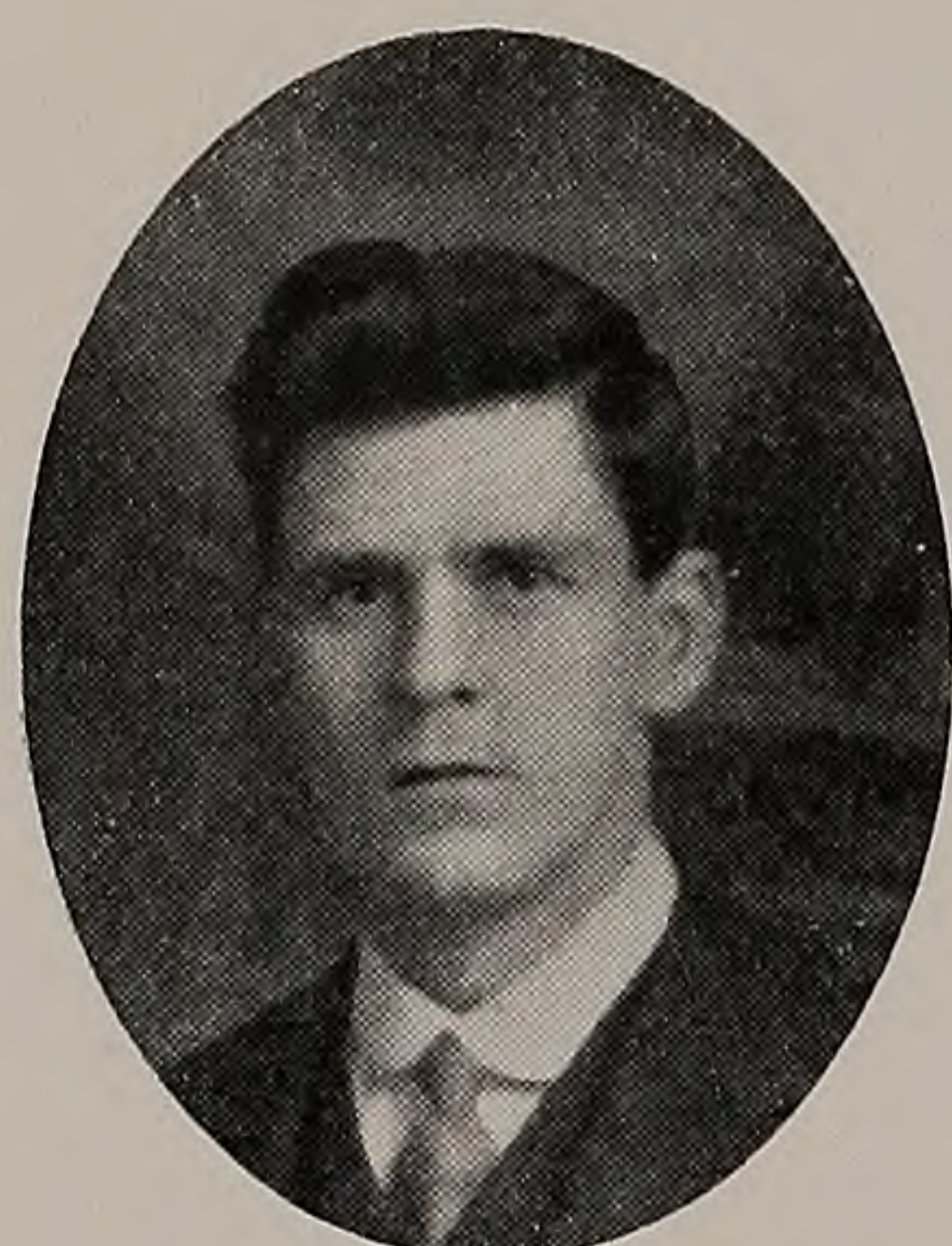
MEMBERS ON MILITARY SERVICE.



Hugh McDonald.



Ralph Erskine.



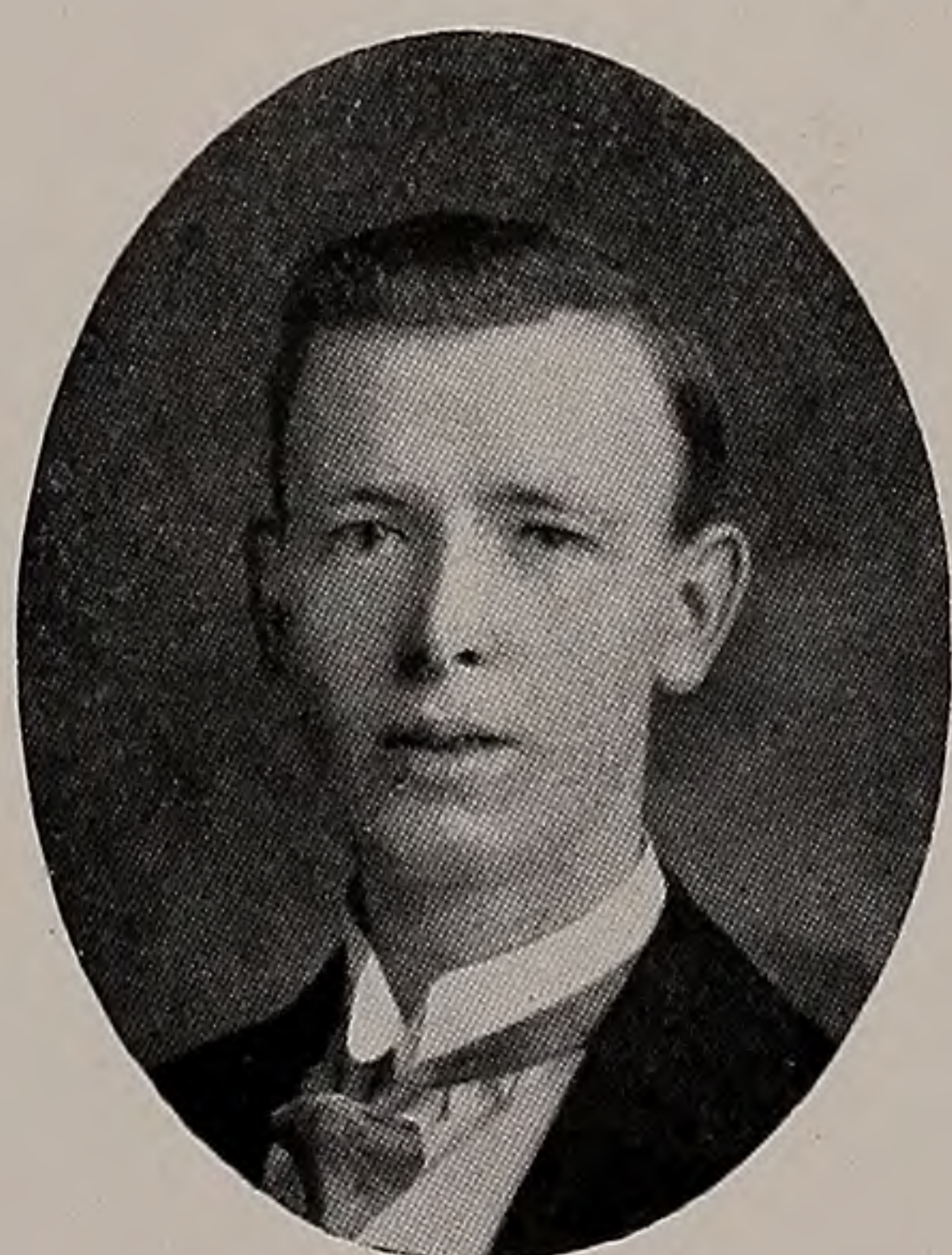
John M'Harg.



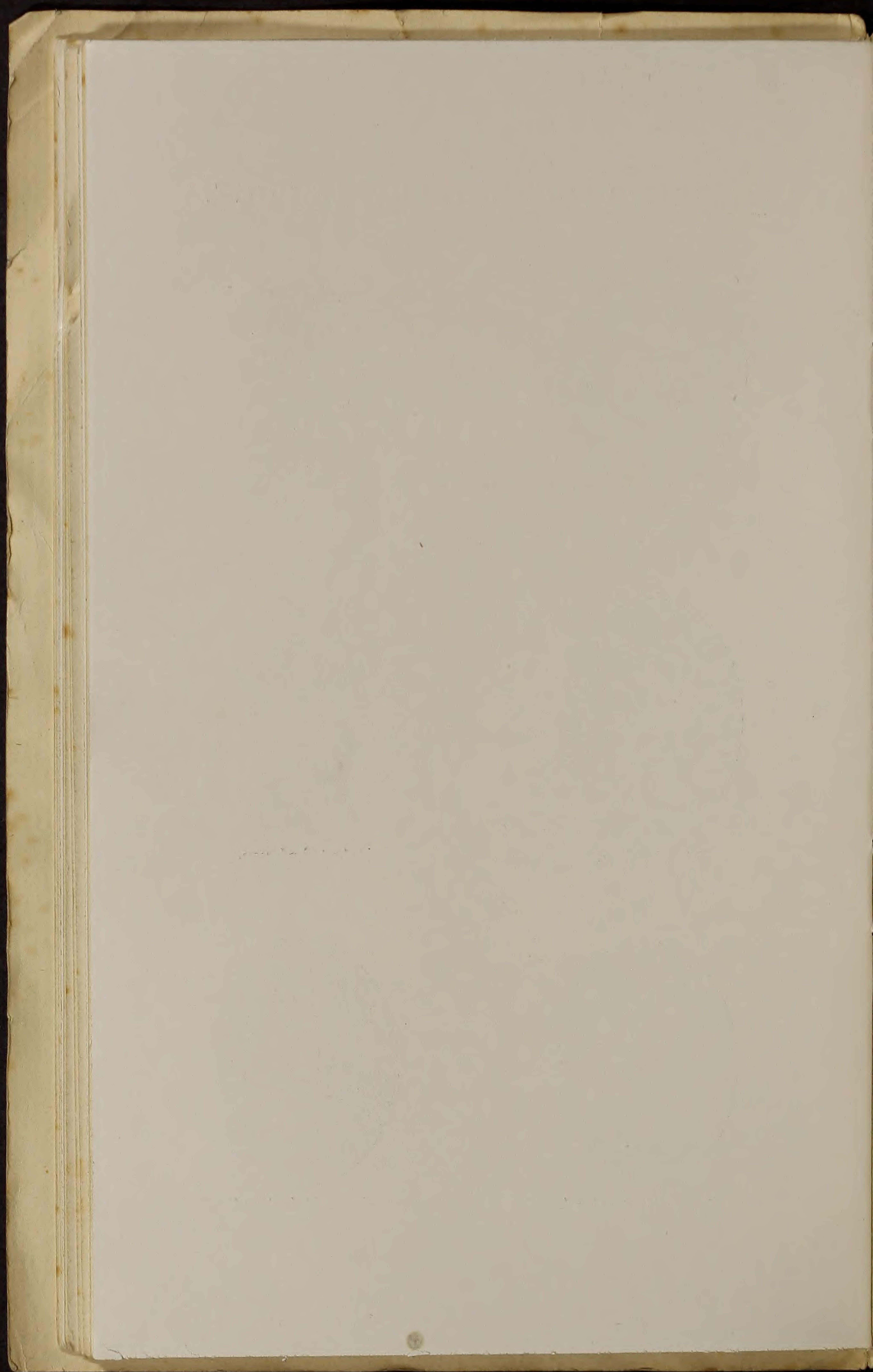
Robert Anderson.



George Hollingshead.



James Robertson.



Choral Song, - "Death on the Hills," - *Edward Elgar*

In "Death on the Hills" we have a masterpiece. More than any other composer, Elgar seems able to get the elevation and mystical quality essential to the treatment of subjects such as this. The poem, one feels, was made for him. How tenderly true his picture is—the questioning, the answering, the grim tread, the pleading ("O let us take the village road"), the urgency of the pleading, the inexorable tone of "Death" speaking, the "shadowy train" gathering round sobbing out their last beseechings, clutching at his skirts, holding him back ("O let us take the village road") till the village road is no more, and the voices merge and are lost in the distance.

WHY o'er the darkening hill-slopes,
Do dusky shadows creep?
Because the wind blows keenly there,
Or rain-storms lash and leap?

No wind blows chill upon them,
Nor are they lashed by rain:
'Tis Death who rides across the hills
With all his shadowy train.

The old bring up the cortège,
In front the young folk ride,
And on Death's saddle in a row
The babes sit side by side.

The young folk lift their voices,
The old folk plead with Death:
"O let us take the village-road,
Or by the brook draw breath.

"There let the old drink water,
There let the young folk play,
And let the little children run
And pluck the blossoms gay."

(*Death speaks.*)

"I must not pass the village,
Nor halt beside the rill,
For there the wives and mothers all
Their buckets take to fill.

"The wife might see her husband,
The mother see her son;
So close they'd cling—their claspings
Could never be undone."

—Adapted from the Russian of МАЙКОВ
by ROSA NEWMARCH.

(By permission of Mr. Elkin Mathews.)

Songs and Dances of Death,

- | | | | | | |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|---|----------------------|
| (a) "The Trepak," | - | - | - | - | } <i>Moussorgsky</i> |
| (b) "Serenade," | - | - | - | - | |
| (c) "Field-Marshal Death," | - | - | - | - | |

Mr. FRANK MULLINGS

- (a) STILL is the forest, no soul is in sight ;
 Winds are lamenting and howling ;
 Far away yonder, where dark falls the night,
 Something uncanny is prowling.
 See ! over there ! where the shades gather black,
 Death has waylaid some poor peasant ;
 Now he invites him to dance the Trepak ;
 Sings him a song fair and pleasant.
- Ho, my poor worker, so bent and gray,
 Drunken with vodka, and wand'ring astray ;
 By the snow-fiend blinded, led by fitful shadows
 Thro' the pathless forest, o'er the trackless meadows.
 What is thy portion but work and sorrow ?
 Rest here, poor peasant, until to-morrow.
 See, a coverlet so white and warm I've found thee,
 Rest and watch the dancing snowflakes whirl around thee.
 Soft as the swan's-down, the bed where thou liest.
 Hey ! Sing good-night, thou fierce gale, as thou fliest.
- Sing, wild wind, his hush-song,
 Through the long, dark night ;
 Let the weary worker
 Sleep till morning light.
- Forests and fields, and the cloud-rack sweeping,
 Darkness and storm and the pale drifts heaping,
 Snowflakes lightly hov'ring
 Weave a spotless cov'ring,
 Fit for stainless childhood,
 Round this poor clod sleeping.
- Rest, rest, poor friend, slumber, happy fellow,
 Dream that the summer is bright,
 And dream that harvest fields are yellow ;
 Watch the wood-doves in flight,
 Watch the sickles swinging,
 Hear the sky-lark singing.

- (b) MAGICAL, tender night, veiled in blue shadow,
Breathing forth perfumes of spring,
Yonder a suff'rer leans from her window,
Hears what the night whispers low.
Sleep will not come to her eyes, bright with fever,
Life seems to call her to joy;
But 'neath her casement a figure is waiting,
Death sings a strange serenade.

"Maiden, poor captive to sorrow and suff'ring,
Wasted thy beauty and youth;
I will be thy true knight, although thou know'st me not,
I come to rescue thee now.
Come, lady, look at thyself:
See thy cheeks like roses, thy lips soft and red;
Lovely thy visage, thy tresses are golden and silky,
Thy form is most fair.
Bright gleam thine eyes, so blue and so tender,
Bright as the stars in the heav'ns;
Ardent as mid-day suns, thy breath that scorches,
Thou hast bewitched me, O Love.

"Thou, too, must fall 'neath the spell of my singing,
Did not thy sighs call me here?
Lo, I, thy knight, bring the greatest of gifts to thee:
Now comes the hour of thy bliss!
Fragile form, and thy kisses entrance me,
O let me clasp thee in breathless embraces;
My love song shall bring thee slumber—be still—
thou art mine!"

- (c) THE battle rages, swords are flashing, like hungry beasts the
cannons roar;
The horses neigh, the squadrons gallop, the stream runs
crimson, dyed with gore.
The burning noonday sees the slaughter, and still at sunset
the fight endures;
The last gleams vanish, still unyielding the foe maintains
a stubborn front.
Now falls the night upon the carnage, and in the gloaming
all disperse;
Silence reigns; only the darkness hears the wounded cry
unto Heaven.
See there, where fall the livid moon-rays, astride upon a
charger pale,
Rides a warrior, wan and grisly, whose name is Death.

There, in the dusk, he hears their pitiful complaining, surveys
the ghastly field with pride ;

Moves, like a leader triumphant, over the scene of glory and
of pain.

Then climbs a hillock, gazes round him on dead and dying,
grimly smiling.

Now o'er the seething field of slaughter rings out stern and
clear his voice :

"Cease now the fight ! The vict'ry is mine ! Ye warriors
all, 'tis to Death ye have yielded.

Foes in your lifetime, I come to make you friends ! Rise
up, reply to the roll-call of Death !

Fall into rank ! You must march past your leader ! Ere
day can dawn I will muster my men.

Soldiers, your bones shall repose in Earth's bosom, sweet is
the slumber that follows the fight !

Years shall pass o'er you unreckon'd, unheeded, men shall
forget what you fought for to-day.

I, Death, alone will remember your valour, honour your
mem'ry when midnight has struck !

Over these furrows I'll dance in the moonlight, tread down
the earth where your limbs lie at rest ;

Tread it so closely, your bones ne'er shall move, never more
shall you come back to Earth !"

--Words by Count A. GOLENISTCHEV-KOUTOUZOV,
English versions by ROSA NEWMARCH.

Madrigal, - - "Fire, Fire my Heart," - - Morley
1557-1604

One of the finest madrigals ever written. Sung by the Choir at last year's Glasgow Choral Festival, when the grand rhythmic vitality of the piece induced a remarkable outburst of appreciation on the part of the audience. On account of the speed, the consistent energy demanded, the cuteness of the entries and accents, and the points of imitation, it is regarded as a supreme choral test.

FIRE, fire, my heart !

Fa la la !

Fire, fire, my heart !

Fa la la !

O help ! alas ! ah me !

I sit and cry me,

And call for help, alas !

But none comes nigh me,

Fa la la.

Irish Folk Song, - "Far Away," - *Arr. T. R. G. Jozé*

"As a simple emotional type this tune is one of the most perfect in existence."—Sir C. H. H. PARRY.

As chimes that flow o'er shining seas,
When morn alights on meads of May,
Faint voices fill the western breeze,
With whisp'ring songs from far away—
Oh, dear the dells of Dunavore,
A home in od'rous Ossory,
But sweet as honey running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far Away.

There sings the voice whose wondrous tune—
Falls, like a diamond shower above,
That in the radiant dawn of June,
Renew a world of Youth and Love,
Oh, fair the founts of Farranfore,
And bright is billowy Ballintrae,
But sweet as honey running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far Away.

—GEORGE SIGERSON, M.D.

Part Song, - "Old Daddy Longlegs," - *Macirone*
1821-1913

"A little nonsense now and then," &c. In "Old Daddy" we have the first appearance of a female composer on an "Orpheus" program. Miss Macirone makes much of the old nursery rhyme. The music is cleverly put together, and recalls—strangely enough considering the theme—Handel.

OLD Daddy Longlegs wouldn't say his pray'rs,
Take him by the *right* leg,
Take him by the *left* leg,
Take him by *both* legs and throw him down-stairs.

Violin Solos,

- (a) Nocturne, - - - - - *Chopin*
 (b) Polonaise, - - - - - *Wieniawsky*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

Choral Song, - "Love's Tempest," - Edward Elgar

"Love's Tempest" is a study in strong contrasts. The opening has a kind of tropical beauty. The stillness is ominous. The air is warm and clinging. Something big is portended, and that "something" comes in the shape of the "tempest" episode, swift and impetuous. It is all over in a moment, and we arrive at the second verse. This is developed similarly, excepting that in the middle there occurs one of those characteristic Elgarian touches—a few bars of great curved, sensuous melody ("Till your image," &c.), which somehow recalls (although different) the "Transfiguration" theme in Strauss' well-known tone poem. A vivid and telling composition this of Elgar's, the close deft modulations are most interesting, and the whole treatment shows that the composer is determined to bend voices to *his* will. As proof, the last passage—falling from the heights to the depths (chord of E flat), and finishing on a narrow vowel—is marked *grandioso*.

SILENT lay the sapphire ocean,
 Till a tempest came to wake
 All its roaring, seething billows
 That upon earth's ramparts break.

Quiet was my heart within me,
 Till your image, suddenly
 Rising there, awoke a tumult
 Wilder than the storm at sea.

—Adapted from the Russian of МАЙКОВ
 by ROSA NEWMARCH.
 (By permission of Mr. Elkin Mathews.)

Choral Song,
"The Seal Woman's Croon"
 (An Cadal Trom.)

From the "Songs of the Hebrides." Marjory Kennedy-Fraser.

It was legendary in the Isles that the seals were at one time of our own flesh and blood, and that three times in the year they went back to their own natural state. And this is the story told by Kenneth MacLeod in the "Songs of the Hebrides":—

"Long ago, and not so long ago either, a man in Canna was shore-wandering on an autumn night and the moon full, and did he not see one of the seal lady-lords washing herself in a streamlet that was meeting the waves! And just as I said, he took the love of his heart for her, and he went and put deep sleep on her with a sort of charm that he had, and he carried her home in his arms. But och! och! when the wakening came, what had he before him but a seal! And though he needed all the goodness he had, love put softening in his heart, and he carried her down to the sea and let her swim away to her own kith and kin, where she ought to be. And she spent that night, it is said, on a reef near the shore, singing like a daft mavis, and this is one of her croons—indeed, all the seals are good at the songs, and though they are really of the race of Lochlann, it is the Gaelic they like best."

Arranged by Granville Bantock.

Mr. Bantock evolved a new form in the "Death Croon" (which on its performance last year evoked such sincere admiration). It was to be expected that the composer, having chorally penetrated the Hebridean wonder-world, would produce further examples. Mr. Bantock is specially fitted for work of this kind. He is steeped in the lore of the Celt, and he loves all things Highland not only with the love of a poet but with that of a clansman, which he claims to be. He has the tenderness and sympathy, the high feeling for romance, and the fine skill which fit him for his subject.

The "Seal Woman's Croon" is set out in nine parts after the manner of the "Death Croon," but with, appropriately, more picturesque detail. It is a song of love and longing. Through a maze of wondrous sound it may be heard rising, as it were, above the wash of the waves, sinking into the lap of them, floating out into the clear air, soft, soft, yet full, love-full, and oh, so touched with yearning. The shades of night are in the song, but the glance of the rising sun is there too, and if you have keen eyes you may see it light on the salt spray. And if your ears be keen forbye, you may hear the waters surge caressingly against the very rock on which the seal lady-lord sings, till the music of the song and the music of the waters melt into one.

PILLOW'D on the sea-wrack brown am I,
 On the gleaming white-sheen sand, o hi,
 Lull'd by sweet croon of waves I lie,
 Could slumber deep part thee and me.

Far away my own *gruagach* lone,
 On the gleaming white friend-reefs, o hi,
 Lies, and that the cause of all my moan,
 Did slumber deep part thee and me.

On the morrow shall I o'er the Sound,
 O'er the gleaming white sheen-sand, o hi,
 Swim until I reach my loved one brown,
 Nor slumber deep part thee and me.

—MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

- Songs,** (a) "The Gentle Maiden," - - *Arr. Somervell*
 (b) "Trottin' to the Fair," - - } *Arr. Stanford*
 (c) "Quick! We have but a Second," }

Mr. FRANK MULLINGS

- (a) THERE'S one that is pure as an angel
 And fair as the flow'rs of May,
 They call her the gentle maiden
 Wherever she takes her way.
 Her eyes have the glance of sunlight,
 As it brightens the blue sea wave,
 And more than the deep sea treasure
 The love of her heart I crave.

Though parted afar from my darling,
 I dream of her everywhere.
 The sound of her voice is about me,
 The spell of her presence there.
 And, whether my prayers be granted,
 Or whether she pass me by,
 The face of that gentle maiden
 Will follow me till I die.

—HAROLD BOULTON.

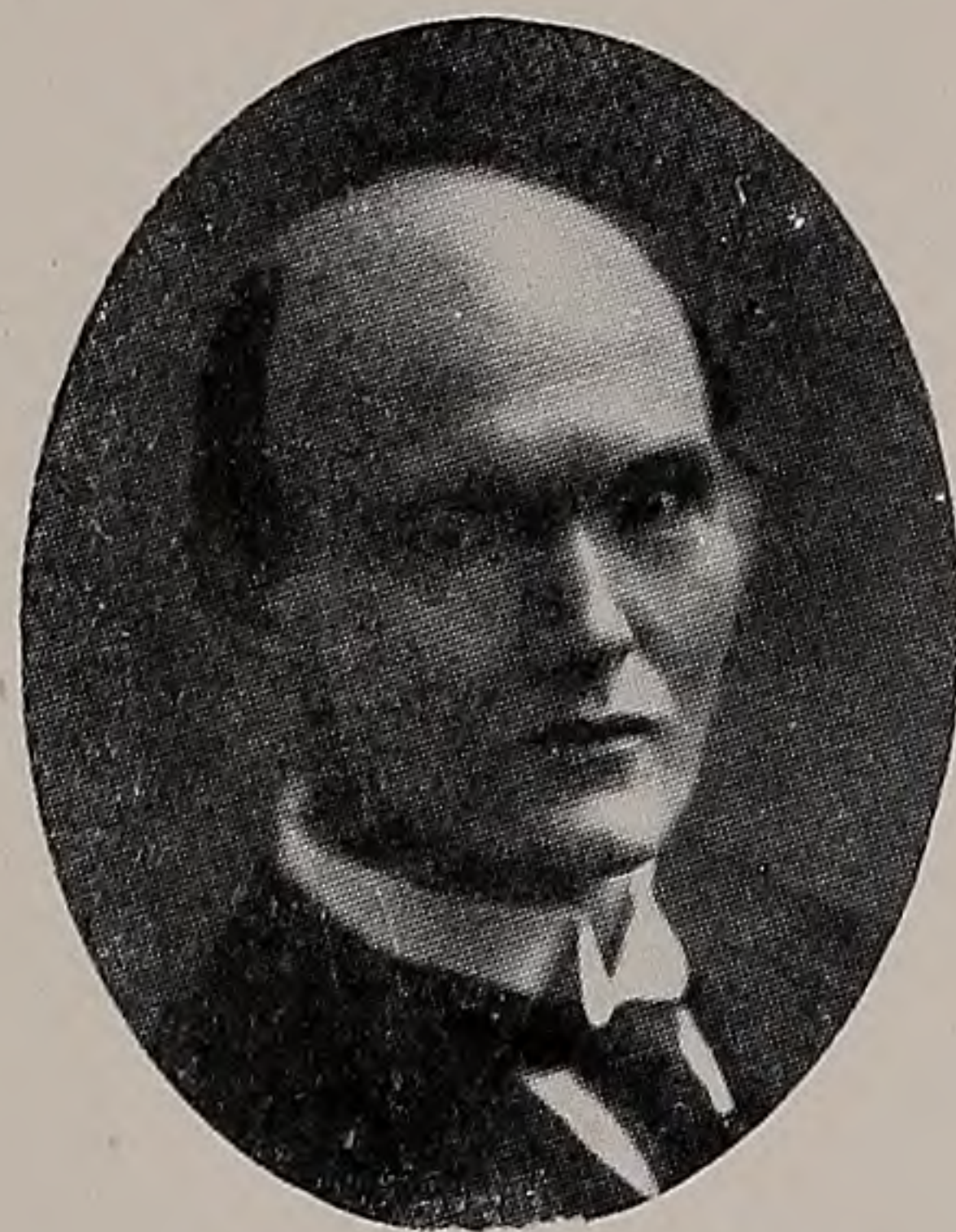
- (b) TROTTIN' to the fair, me and Moll Moloney,
 Seated, I declare, on a single pony.
 How am I to know that Molly's safe behind,
 With our heads in—oh! that awkward way inclined?
 By her gentle breathin' whispered past my ear,
 And her white arms wreathin' warm around me here.
- Thus on Dobbin's back I discoursed the darling,
 Till upon our track leaped a mongrel snarling,
 "Ah!" says Moll, "I'm frightened that the pony'll start!"
 And her pretty hands she tightened round my happy heart;
 Till I axed her "May I steal a kiss or so?"
 And my Molly's grey eye didn't answer "No."

—ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS.



Robert Saunders.



William Jackson.



Miss Margaret Toner.



Miss Nellie Duthie
(Senior Member of Choir).



Miss Nellie Russell.

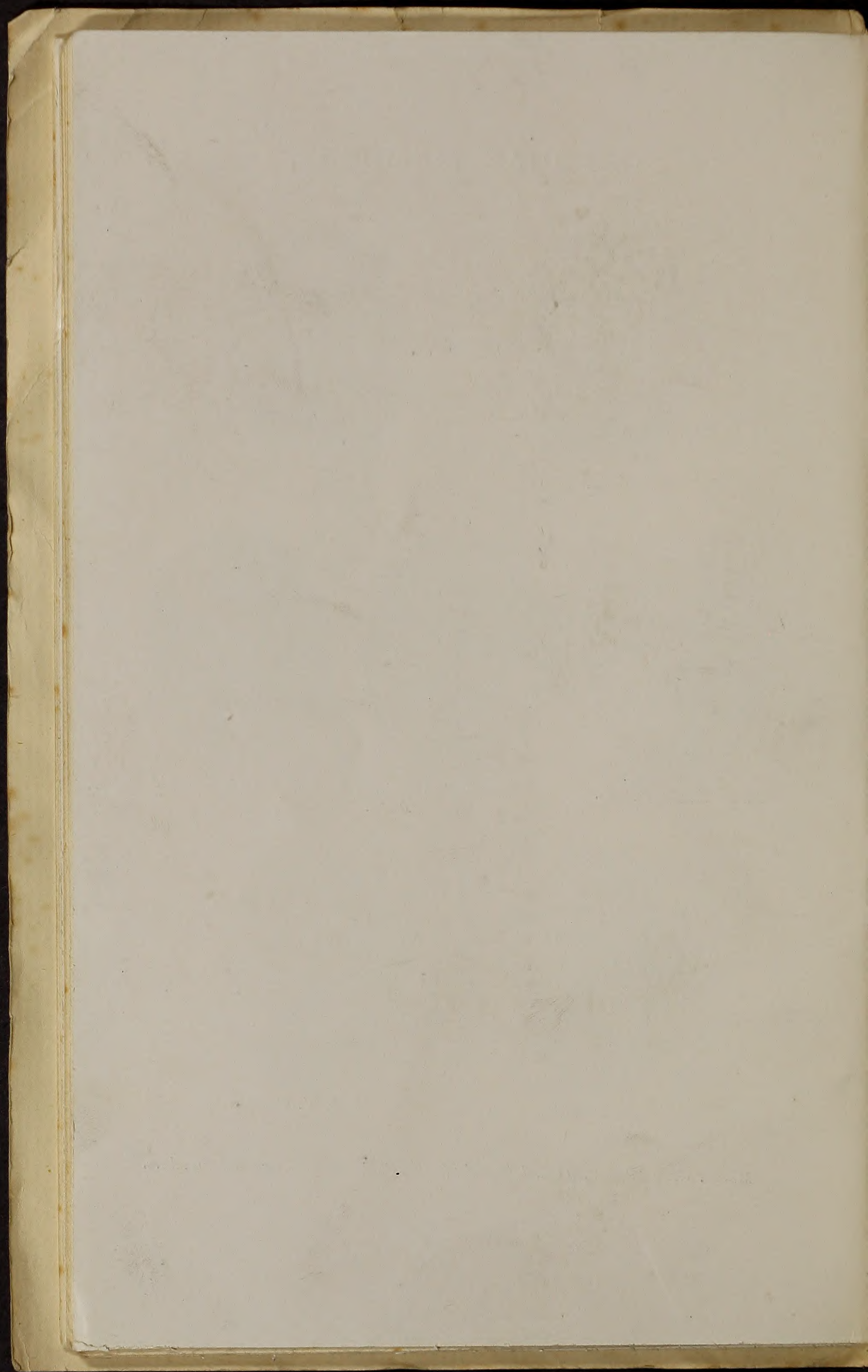


George Muir.



Hugh T. Graham.

Messrs. Gray (Secretary) and Guthrie (Librarian) are also Original Members.



(c) QUICK ! we have but a second.
 Fill round the cup while you may ;
 For time, the churl, hath beckoned,
 And we must away, away !
 Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
 For oh ! not Orpheus' strain
 Could keep sweet hours from dying,
 Or charm them to life again.

See the glass, how it flushes
 Like some young Hebe's lip,
 And half meets thine, and blushes
 That thou should'st delay to sip.
 Shame, oh ! shame unto thee,
 If e'er thou see'st that day
 When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
 And turn untouched away.

—THOMAS MOORE.

Choral Song, "How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps," *Chas. Wood*

First produced by us in 1910. Chorally, the composer here deliberately sets out in quest of atmosphere. It is indeed an early example of purely atmospheric music, for any atmosphere to be found in the older types was more often accidental than of set design. Wood gets line and colour here, and magical beauty. It is a little gem—delicate, suggestive, ethereal.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears,
 Soft stillness and the night become the touches
 of sweet harmony.

—SHAKESPEARE (*Merchant of Venice*).

Part Song, "Dumbarton's Drums," *Arr. Granville Bantock*

The author of this song is unknown. It has been the marching song of the "Royal Scots" for at least 225 years. In 1675 the commander of the regiment, Lord George Douglas, was created Earl of Dumbarton, and the regiment became known as Dumbarton's regiment. To a recent writer in the *Scotsman* we are indebted for the above particulars.

Mr. Bantock found the song in an old book shop, and was greatly struck with its martial rhythm, and little less with its quaintly simple and altogether unsophisticated words. In the arrangement he scorns harmony and sets it out in the most free polyphonic style; and in the last verse, being fond of a joke, he quite boldly employs the male voices as drummers.

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonny, O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnny, O;
 How happy am I
 When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!

'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,
For his graceful looks do invite me, O;
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,
Genteel but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O;
 Tho' commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he shall serve no longer a caddie, O.

A soldier has honour and bravery, O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O;
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king,
For ev'ry other care is but slavery, O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady, O,
Farewell, all my friends and my daddy, O,
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats I'll be ready, O!

Dumbarton's drums sound bonny, O.
They are sprightly, like my dear Johnny, O;
 How happy shall I be
 When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!

GLASGOW ORPHEUS CHOIR

SEASON 1915-16

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Hugh S. Robertson
Julian H. W. Nesbitt
(*A new Scottish composer*)

Principal Soloist, - Mr. JOHN COATES

THE "MARCH" CONCERT

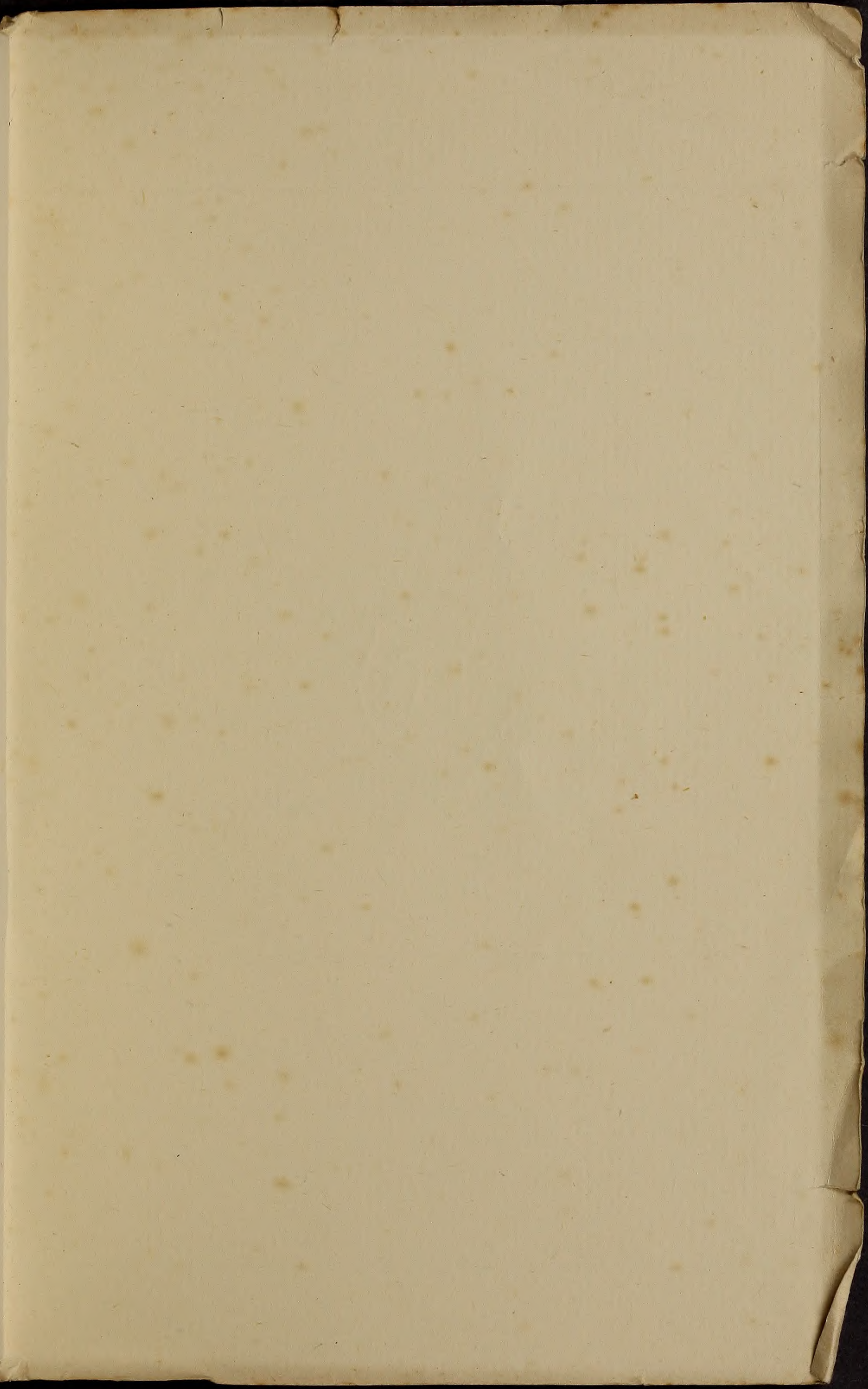
A HISTORICAL PROGRAM, representing the growth and development of a *capella* choralism—

Early Church Music
Madrigals
Glees
Part Songs
Choral Songs

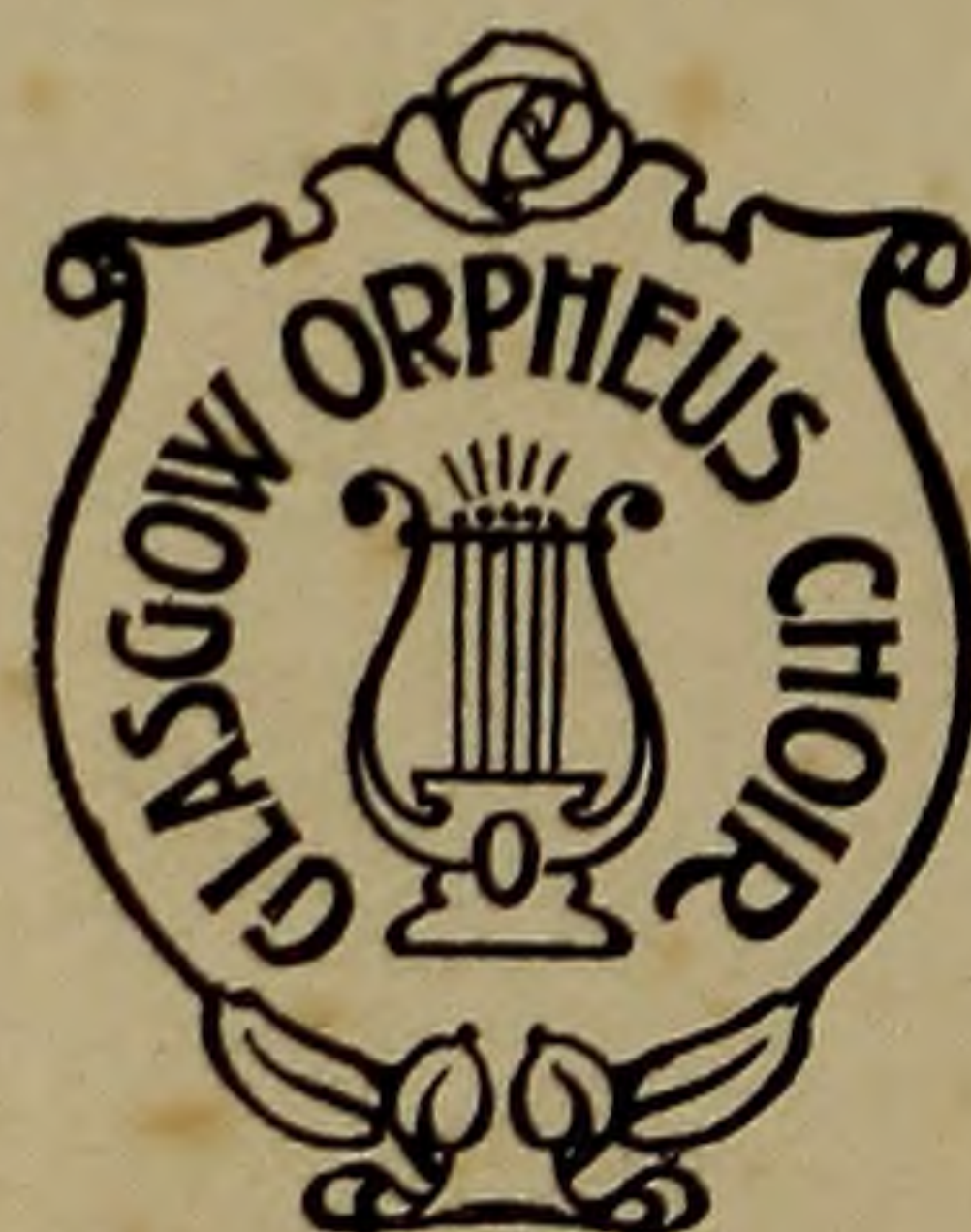
Parties not in touch with members of the Choir, and desirous of participating in the ballot for seats at these Concerts, are requested to send their names to the Secretary—

ROBT. GRAY, 72 Randolph Gardens, Broomhill

THE liberal patronage of the public in the past has enabled the Choir, during the season, to place its services freely at the disposal of War Fund Committees throughout the country. As a result, a sum of over £400 has been raised. It is the intention of the Choir to continue this policy so long as may be necessary.



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Alex. Macdougall, Glasgow